NUMB. 860

The Daily Gazetteer.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6. 1738

No. 868.

To the Author of the DAILY GAZETTEER.

SIR,

By inserting the encl s'd you'll oblige an old Correspondent, A. Z.

A Celebrated Poet having lately publiſhed ſeveral Imitations of the *Epiſtles* and *Satires* of *Horace*, and adapted the Subject entirely to modern Characters, I cannot but obſerve that in thoſe Performances, the Friends to the preſent *Government* are continually the Subject of his *Satire*, as they who are the avowed Enemies to their Country are thought worthy of his Panegyricks. Were not this obvious to whoever has read Mr. *P*----'s late Writings, I would quote Paſſages from them to prove what I have aſſerted; let it be ſufficient, that the very laſt Epiſtle he imitated, begins with a complimentary Dedication to the late Lord *B---ling---k*, who is always the Hero of his old Patriots, as the ingenious Mr. *L----n* is of his young ones. I am very far from approving the Method which this great Author has given as an Example to the Wits, of modernizing the old *Roman* Satire into temporary Invective; but as it has the Sanction of his better Judgment, I hope I may ſtand excus'd for inſerting the following Poem in this Paper. Whatever thoſe candid Gentlemen, the Authors of *Common Senſe*, to whom every thing that appears in this Paper ſeems Folly, or Malice, may object to the Liberty taken with the *ſacred Character* of their *young Patriot*, it is from their own Proceedings made juſtifiable; but, though in this I ſhall defend the Author from the *political Criticks*, yet, among the *poetical Judges*, I muſt leave him to take his own Fate.

An Imitation *of the* Firſt Part *of the* Sixth Satire *of the* Firſt Book *of* HORACE.

THough you, O *Walpole*, from an antient Birth
Juſtly can claim hereditary Worth,
Who can from Age to Age with Glory trace
In long Deſcent an honourable Race,
From Heir to Heir a Patriot-Lineage view,
Juſt to their Prince, and to their Country true:
Though ſprung from Honour, though to Glory born,
Thy Heart ne'er knew an humble Birth to ſcorn:
Eſt'n I, if worthy of thy Ear my Lays,
In thee the *Patron* and the *Friend* ſhould raiſe.
The Man, endow'd with Merit of his own,
His Grandſire, Father, and himſelf unknown,
If for diſtinguiſh'd *Worth*, and *Truth* approv'd,
If he loves *Virtue*, *He* by *Thee* is *lov'd*;
No titled Pomp can thy Eſteem confine,
For what are *Reaſons* Maxims, will be *Thine*.

Long e'er the *Norman* with his conqu'ring Band
Fixt a new People on *Britannia*'s Land,
Long e'er that memorable *Æra*'s Date
Told, who by antient *Pedigree* were *Great*,
Thouſands of *Britain*'s Sons all brave, all free,
Diſdain'd the narrow Bounds of Pedigree,
Reſolv'd to Honour's brave Purſuit to riſe,
Bold in the Camp, or in the Coucil wiſe:
They roſe, all noble, though no Birth they boaſt,
For *nobleſt* they who ſerve their *Country* moſt:
Such thy Opinion; while the vulgar Great
The Sons of Folly, and the Slaves to State,
Triumph in antient Titles, proud of Birth,
And truſt to droaning *Heralds* for their *Worth*.
The meaner Vulgar, if more meaner can be,
Alike are charm'd with antient Pedigree;
If from the Conqueror deſcends my *Lord*,
His Creſt, his Arms, his Title are ador'd;
They think the ſtrange *Supporters* they behold,
Derive to him ſome *myſtic Worth* of old,
Paying high Rev'rence to an empty Fame,
Of Worth no Judges, but mere Slaves to Name.---
---How ſhou'd they act of wiſer Judgment proud,
Above the common Herd, and courtly Crowd?
---Grant *St. John*'s choſe the Shire to repreſent,
Who, through three Ages proves his long Deſcent,
While the *new Squire*'s refus'd, who cannot trace
Through three ſhort Score of Years a modern Race:
Or grant, ſhou'd I, a Candidate go down,
Unhir, unrecommended, and unknown
To be ſome *Burgeſs* of an *antient Town*,
Grant, that the ſurly *May'r* my Claim ſhou'd ſcorn,
And juſtly of my Rival make *Return*,
Becauſe I'd fixt for *Merit* equal Cauſe,
Knowledge of making *Rhymes*, and making *Laws*;
Yet in *Ambition*'s Car are whirl'd along
The Poor, the Rich, the Aged, and the Young,
Nature will equal Guſt for Fame afford,
To *Him who'd be*, and *Him* who *is* a *Lord*,
To *Him*, who was full Twenty Years ago
Prime Miniſter, and *Him* who is ſo now.

O Thou the *Firſt*, O Thou POPE's *lateſt* Theme
St. J---n, awake, from thy romantic Dream,
Correct thy Smile, though ev'ry glowing Line
Deſcribe each Virtue, and each Virtue, *Thine*,
Though call'd by *Pope* to prop the ſinking State;
Forgiv'n, *forget*, indulge thy calm Retreat;
What though he bids ‘ *thy Genius come along*,
‘ *The Maſter of the Poet and the Song*.’
What though drawn out to the exacteſt Plan,
The *worthieſt Patriot*, and the *beſt good Man*,
Liſten one Moment from the Syren Art,
Forget the Numbers, and conſult thy Heart:
Though in his Song of *Britiſh Chiefs* the *firſt*;
Is the Song *Truth*, or is it *Truth reverſt*?
Does not he change thy ſtrongeſt *Shades* to *Light*,
Does not he paint to give *himſelf* Delight,
And like the *Indian* form his *Devil* white?
For *St. J---n* if again thou coud'ſt reſume,
Pow'rs much-lov'd *Rod*, and *Honour*'s gawdy Plume,
Diſplace, replace, inheigue, direct, debate,
And govern *Brunſwick*'s, as thy *Anna*'s State,
Britons again wou'd in thy Acts deſcry,
The homebred Traitor and the foreign Spy;
Again you'd bear the Name thy Country gave,
In *Will* a *Rebel*; and in *Heart* a *Slave*:
Far, far from *Courts*, hence, wiſely truſt for Fame
To *Twick'nam*'s Bowers, and the Banks of *Thame*,
By gentle Bard be ſung in gentle Strain,
And the calm *Hero* of a *Couplet* reign;
So may thy Virtue ſtinkle in our Ear,
Thy *Honour ſpotleſs*, and thy *Soul ſincere*;
Safe from thy Arts, ſo may thy honeſt Praiſe
In harmleſs Song our *Doubt* and *Pleaſure* raiſe;
Our *Doubt*, ſo *true* a *Briton* e'er cou'd be;
Our *Mirth*, to find that *B---ling---ke* is *He*.

Fools we in private Life Content endure,
Licens'd from Cenſure, and from Scorn ſecure,
But when they'd ſeem in publick Councils Wiſe,
Into Contempt they eminently riſe.
For Fops in Politicks like Fops in Dreſs,
Endeav'ring more to charm us, pleaſe us leſs;
The young, mock Patriot, and the tawdry Fool,
Will force themſelves to publick Ridicule;
And of the mimic Statesman we enquire
Who? Whence? Why all that Zeal, that Rage, that Fire?
What his Abilities? What his Pretence?
How try'd his Judgment? And how ſtrong his Senſe?

As when ſome thin, pale, tall, hagg'd, meager *Beau*,
Enamour'd of himſelf, to Court will go,
There ogling, ſimpring, browing, whiſp'ring, ſighing,
Languidly toying, amorouſly dying,
Full of his Charms; his Folly ſtands confeſt,
The *Page*'s Sneer, the *Maid of Honour*'s Jeſt;
Each *Belle* ſurveys him with diſdainful Eye,
Each will her Wit in wanton Malice try;
His ſpindle Leg, lank Sides, and rueful Look
Raiſe the gay Simily, and merry Joke,
While the dull Fop, more laugh'd at, prinks the more,
Aſſur'd each Fair that ſcorns him, muſt *adore*.

So when young *Would-be*, in a grand Debate
Riſes important to reform the State,
Though blund'ring, loud; and though inſipid, vain,
He moves at once our *Laughter*, and *Diſdain*:
‘ The Court, he cries, are wrong; nor do I doubt
‘ They will be ever wrong, while I am out:
‘ Were I, Sir, to ſuſtain *Great Britain*'s Weight,
‘ Her *King* ſhould happy be, her *People* great,
‘ Her *Armies*, *Taxes*, *Penſions*, *Broils* ſhou'd ceaſe,
‘ The *Miſtreſs* of the *World* in *Trade*, and *Peace*,
‘ More wou'd I do, than Miniſter e'er did,
‘ Baffle all Schemes of *Paris* and *Madrid*. ---
‘ Who can deny me for ſuch Talents fit?
‘ In Proſe a Stateſman, and in Rhyme a Wit?
‘ With *Fle*, dare *Fleury* or *La Quadra* cope,
‘ When prais'd by *P---lt---y*, and approv'd by *P---e*?’
---With chuckling Laugh the *Speaker* ſhakes the Chair,
Nor grave Sir *Joſeph* can a Smile forbear;
Moſt of the Houſe, in Wonder loſt, enquire,
How old a Politician is the 'Squire,
So quaint his Speech, ſo wrote and ſpoke by Rule,
How late from *Oxford*, and how long from *School*.

‘ Freedom I claim, he cries, my Parts I'll try----
‘ --- *P--t* ſpoke a pretty Speech, and ---- ſo have I'---
---- You've ſpoke, but were thy huddled Thoughts as ſtrong
As nervous Reaſon from a *Pelham*'s Tongue?-----
‘ ----- Yet were *two hundred Tongues* at once to ſpeak,
‘ *Two hundred Voices* all proclaim me weak;
‘ Or ſhou'd *two hundred Members* laugh around,
‘ *Two hundred Eckoes* all the *Din* reſound,
‘ Still won'd I ſpeak, for Liberty ſtill warm,
‘ *Contemn* the *Tempeſt*, and *enjoy* the *Storm*.’
---If ſo, Sir, pray ſpeak on; aſſert your Claim;
And ſtill unheard, unanſwer'd, boaſt your Fame.

Thus *Walpole* having prov'd from *Flaccus*' Rules,
Knaves wou'd not *Knaves* appear, nor Blockheads, *Fools*;
But from *Ambition* make an odd Pretence,
The one to *Virtue*, and the one to *Senſe*;
I leave *Pope*'s better Genius to tranſlate,
How by himſelf he lives, or with the Great;
His *Virtues* and his *Humours* to rehearſe,
And make his *Grotta* immortal in his *Verſe*:
He without Fear may be in trifling bold;
I only by Example dare unfold,
How Fools wou'd Wiſe be thought, the Abject, Great,
Knaves Patriots ſeem, and Witlings rule the State.

Oh! may not I, when thus the Error's ſhown,
Our Talents to misjudge, miſtake my own!
But when to *Walpole* I my Song renew,
My *Heart* be *honeſt*, and my *Verſe* be *true*:
Juſt without Flatt'ry, Free without a Pain,
If ſcorn'd, not piqu'd; nor if accepted, vain:
If known, 'tis *Chance*; if heard, without a *Friend*
No *Young* to praiſe, nor *Doddington* commend;
But if, (what moſt I wiſh, can hope the leaſt,)
My Muſe is e'er by *Walpole*'s Favour grac'd,
The Bard wou'd with a gen'rous Pride be mov'd,
His *Verſe* thus honour'd, and his *Truth* approv'd,
Not for his *Birth*, or *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Art*,
But what is *Nobler* far, an *honeſt Heart*.

Yeſterday arrived a Mail from Flanders, and another from France, with the Paris Letter of Saturday laſt.

IT ſays they have Advice from Conſtantinople, that the Grand Vizier deſired Leave of the Grand Seignior to reſign his Poſt, alledging, that he did not underſtand the Art of War; that he was hated by the Janiſſaries, and an Eveſore to the Chriſtian Princes; but the Grand Seignior refuſed it, and ordered him to keep his Office. They add, that the Grand Seignior went very ſeldom to the Divan, and was govern'd by no Advice but that of the Buſtanghi Bachi.

Their Letters from Genoa, which are of the 16th ult. O. S. ſay, they had News about a Week before from Baſtia, that the Count de Boiſſieux, Commandant of the French Troops, having ſent Paſſports for the Deputy's of the Rebels to come and treat with him, they had accordingly deputed Eraſmus Orticoni, and the Advocate Giafferi, who were expected at Baſtia on the 5th ult.

The Cardinal de Fleury, who is ſaid to be in good Health again, rides now and then in his Coach to Trianon for the Air.

By the Flanders Mail we have Letters of the 18th ult. O. S. from Vienna, which confirm the Execution of General Doxat with theſe Particulars, viz. That the firſt Stroke which the Executioner gave him was on the Shoulder, which fell'd him to the Ground, that he then gave him three other Strokes to ſever his Head from his Body; and that for this Butchery the Hangman was laid in Irons. 'Tis added, that the General died with great Reſignation; and that when

Sen-

Sentence was passed upon him, he said, that he thought he had not deserved so melancholy a Fate; because, that by capitulating as he did with the Infidels, he saved five of the Emperor's Battalions, which must otherwise have been put to the Sword, or sent into Slavery, the City of Nissa being then not in a Capacity to receive any Relief, or make any Defence. They say, that Count Seckendorff's Affair, which is variously talk'd of, cannot be determined before Midsummer. M Passionei, the Pope's Nuncio, has presented the Emperor with a Funeral Oration upon Prince Eugene in the Italian Tongue. 'Tis printed on very fine Paper in 24 Pages; of which a very few Copies are wrought off: 'Tis since translated into Latin, of which there will be a considerable Impression.

They write from Hanover, that since the Arrival of some late Letters from London, they despair of seeing the King this Year in his German Dominions.

HOME PORTS.

Bristol, April 4. Yesterday in the Afternoon arrived the Charles and Betty, Bundy, the last of the 4 Ships for this Port from Jamaica.

Dartmouth, April 2. Yesterday sailed the Providence of this Place, Foss, with Corn for Lisbon. Came in this Day the Isaac and Elizabeth, of and from London, Mathews, to load Corn for Exportation.

Pool, April 3. Since my last came the Sarah, Hooper, from London; and the Brogdon, Jones, from South Carolina. Sailed the Sarah, Stainsmore, for Rotterdam.

Portsmouth, April 4. Since my last arrived from the Mediterranean, but last from Lisbon, his Majesty's Ship the Dursley Galley, Capt. Smith. Sailed the Swift, Capt. Cock, to Spithead; the Sarah, Reeks, and the Friends Adventure, both for Lisbon; and the Patience, Dean, for Cadiz. Wind W.

Deal, April 4. Wind S. W. In the Downs the Onslow, Balchin, for East India; the Good Intent, Brown, from May York. Arrived the Inverness, Allen, from Jamaica; the Richard and Hannah, Smith, from Guernsey.

Gravesend, April 4. Passed by here the Three Brothers, Gutteridge; the William and John, Adams, from Seville; the William and Deborah, Storey, from Norway; the Mathew, Elwood, from St. Christopher's.

LONDON.

Yesterday also arrived a Dutch Mail, with an Account brought by a Ship come into Havre de Grace on the 22d ult. O. S. from Martineco, which Island she left on the 18th of February, that on the 18th of January at Night, a Fire broke out at Fort St. Pierre, which burnt for 5 Hours with such Violence that above 100 Warehouses of Sugar, Coffee, and European Merchandize were consumed, and the Loss is computed at above 12 Millions of Livres; forasmuch as all the Cargoes of above 30 Ships which were arrived there from sundry Ports of France, as well such as were designed for that Island, as such as were to be carried elsewhere, consisting chiefly of Sugar and Coffee, were burnt and pillag'd; which Accident had put the Inhabitants of the Island into a great Consternation.

They write from Vienna, that the Baron de Chanclos is made Lieutenant General of the Emperor's Forces, and Governor of Prince Charles of Lorain, in order to train him in the Art of War. And that Prince Ragotski has found means to circulate his Manifesto on the Frontiers of Hungary, &c. by which he promises great Advantages to those that will join him, together with Liberty of Conscience, Exemption of Taxes, &c.

Last Saturday se'nnight the Oxford Coach was robbed at Sandy Hill, between Beckonsfield and Gerrard's-Cross, but by the Courage of a Captain, who seized the Robber by the Collar, two other Coaches escaped robbing; and the Fellow having found means to disingage himself from the Captain, got clear off.

On Wednesday following the same Coach was again robbed near Mother-Red-Cap's, three Miles from High Wicombe, by a single Highwayman, who took about 11 l. from one of them, and but a Trifle from the other.

Yesterday began the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the City and Liberty of Westminster at Westminster Hall, when Nathaniel Blackerby, Esq; Chairman of the said Session, gave a learned Charge to the Grand Jury.

At the said Sessions Thomas De Veil, Esq; took the Oaths to qualify himself for his Post, as Inspector of the Exports and Imports in the Port of London.

As did also Charles Palmer, Esq; to qualify himself as Deputy Serjeant at Arms to the Hon. House of Commons.

As did likewise —— Chetwynd, Esq; to qualify himself for his Post as Licencer of the Stage: As did also Mr. Thomas Odell, for his Post as Assistant Licencer.

And Arthur Rawlinson, Gent. to qualify himself as high Constable for the City and Liberty of Westminster for the ensuing Year.

As did also Kelland Courtnay, Thomas Morris, and James Cohoon, Esqrs; to qualify themselves for their respective Employments under the Government.

After which the Court adjourned till To-morrow, by reason the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, meet this Day at Westminster Hall.

This Morning the Corpse of the Lady Mordaunt will be carried out of Town from Sir Charles Mordaunt's House in Thrift-street, Soho, in order to be interred amongst the Ancestors of that Family in Warwickshire.

Last Tuesday a Dispensation passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. Mr. Biscoe, M. A. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, to hold the Vicarage of Northweald Basset, in the County of Essex and Diocese of London, together with the Rectory of St. Martin Outwich, London.

The same Day a Dispensation passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gibson, M. A. to hold the Vicarage of Dovercourt with the Chapel of Harwich, together with the Vicarage of Ramsay, in the County and Diocese aforesaid.

Last Thursday came on the Election of a Member to serve in the present Parliament for the Borough of Great Bedwin, in the County of Wilts, in the room of Brigadier General Murray, deceased. The Candidates were Edward Popham, Esq; and Richard Hunter, Esq; when the former was elected by a great Majority.

Yesterday Morning died at his Lodgings in Pall-mall, Samuel King, Esq; a Gentleman of a plentiful Estate in the County of Sussex.

The same Day a young Gentlewoman attempted to drown herself in the Canal in St James's Park; but was taken up alive by two Soldiers.

Yesterday the Barbers Apprentices presented a Petition to the Bench of Justices at Westminster, setting forth, That they are obliged to Shave their Customers on the Sabbath Day, by which they have not Time to attend the Worship of God; and praying that the Laws might be put in Execution against their working of a Sunday; and the said Petition was received and read.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint M. Meger, to be his Secretary of War for Hanover, in the room of Baron Hartoff, deceased.

Yesterday the Lord George Lenox, youngest Son of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, lay very ill at his Grace's House in the Privy Garden at Whitehall.

Last Sunday died, aged 24, at his House at Rickmansworth, in the County of Buck', Joseph Boucheret, Esq; a Gentleman of a plentiful Estate in the said County.

Yesterday Sir John Swinbourne, Bart. lay very ill at his House in Pall-mall.

High Water this Day at London Bridge.	Morning	Evening
	01 06	01 28

Bank Stock 141 3-4ths. India 173. South Sea no Price. Old Annuity 111 1-4th. New ditto 109 to 1-4th. Three per Cent. 105 to 1-4th. 7 per Cent. Loan 110. 5 per Cent. ditto 99 7-8ths. Royal Assurance 109 1-half. London Assurance 14 7-8ths to 15. African 13 3-4ths. India Bonds 6 l. 15 s. Premium. South Sea ditto, 2 l. 16 s. Prem. Bank Circulation 2 l. 2 s. 6 d. Prem. Salt Tallies 1 to 3 Prem. English Copper 3 l. Welsh ditto 15. Three 1-half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 6 per Cent. Prem. Three per Cent. ditto 2 1-4th per Cent. Premium. Million Bank 125.

This Day is Publish'd,

[Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*]

AN Enquiry into the Merit of Assassination; with a View to the Character of Cæsar, and his Designs on the Roman Republick.

Rus Cæsaris, Cæsari.

Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noster-Row.

Where may be had, (Price 1 s.)

The Tears of the Muses. A Satire.

This Day is published,

THE POLITICAL STATE of Great Britain for the Month of MARCH, 1738.

Containing in particular,

1. An Account of great Reformations effected in the City by the Care of the Lord Mayor, &c.
2. Testimonies in Support of a new Specifick for dissolving the Stone.
3. State of the Controversy, as to the encouraging of foreign or home made Linens, Tapes, &c.
4. An odd Instance of a musical Highwayman, who, as he robs to a Song, will probably die to a Plain Tune.
5. Particular Account of the Assizes.
6. The Ceremonial of a Favourite Mare's Interment in Hertfordshire, with Remarks thereupon.
7. Observations on the scandalous Practice of Barretry.
8. Marriages, &c.
9. Monthly Bill of Mortality.

Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noster-Row. Price 1 s. 6 d. Of whom may be had any of the former Months.

Dr. NEWMAN's

Famous Anti-Venereal PILL.

WHich, to the Surprize of all that take it, cures all Degrees of the Venereal Disease, it speedily removes Pains in the Head, Arms, or Legs, takes away the Running, Gonorrhœa, Heat of Urine, Soreness and Inflamation of the Parts, or any old Gleets, tho' of many Years standing; it perfectly cures, without Hindrance of Business, or Confinement one Hour; nay, if you have Nodes, tumified Testicles, Pockey Warts, Buboes Shankers, Phymoses, Paraphymoses, Ulcers in the Mouth, Nose, Throat, or Palate; or, if you are broke out in Scabs and Blotches from Head to Foot, in a short Time you will be well, two or three being sufficient when the Distemper is gentle, or fresh contracted; but if it has been long on the Patient, or in the Blood, a few more is required for a Cure; there is but one in a Dose, no bigger than a small Pea, having neither Taste or Smell, and are sold at so easy a Price, as only Two Shillings each. They are likewise put up in Boxes of a Guinea, and half a Guinea Price, being sufficient in the worst of Cases.

Where may be had, ready to be deliverd to any Messenger,

The only Medicine in the World for all Sexual Weaknesses, from Falls, Blows, Wrenches, Strains, hard Labours, Miscarriages, Fluor Albus in Women, the Remains of Mercury unskilfully prepared, foul Settling in the Urine, old Gleets, Relicks of the Venereal Disease, or Damage by Self-Pollution, a Dripping of Matter, Pain in the Back, or often Occasion to make Water, Weakness of the Vessels after any former Cure, at Five Shillings the Phial. It ought to be taken after every Cure, to strengthen the Body after the Physick.

Note, these Drops and Pills will be readily sent by the Post to any Part of England, if you send your Money, in a Letter or by the Stage Coaches.

I likewise have a Chymical Water that cures the Itch, and all Itchy Breakings-out.

I have an Electuary which cures Colds, Coughs, Shortness of Breath, Asthmas, Consumptions, restores lost Appetites, purifies the Blood. It is an infallible Remedy for the Gravel and Stone, at 1 s. 2 s. 6 d. 5 s. and 10 s. 6 d. the Gallipot with Directions.

Attendance is given every Day by the Author, a graduate Physician, who liveth at the Blue Ball in Handcourt, almost over-against Great Turnstile, Holborn.

Advice GRATIS.

These are to Certify whom it may concern,

THAT the Two Medicines for external Use, which have been sold with so much Success for the Good of Mankind near Thirty Years last past, for the Cure of

All Sorts of RUPTURES, BURSTEN, or BROKEN BELLIES.

are removed from the Minories where they have been sold for the Author, so long, and are now sold only at Mr. Sandwell's Toyshop, the Sign of the Griffin, the Corner of Buckler's Bury in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Parcel, sealed up with printed Directions given with them.

These two Remedies need no other Recommendation than themselves will manifest in two or three Days using, having by their admirable and even astonishing Success, gained the Reputation they so justly deserve, both in City and Country, after wearing Trusses for many Years to no Purpose.

For by the Blessing of God, they make a perfect Cure, either on Old or Young, in a very little Time, and for a small Charge, without any Pain to, or Confinement of the Patient; one Parcel is generally sufficient for a compleat Cure, especially on a young Person.

Many Hundreds of all Ages and Sexes have been cured by them, which occasioned this Publication, for the Good of the Publick, that all such unhappy People may be delivered from the Charge and Slavery of always wearing Trusses.

The World might have had many Certificates of Cures of Persons of all Ages, from Children of a few Months old, to grown Persons of 60 Years or upwards; but that People are naturally averse to let it be known, that they ever had such an Infirmity: Yet Mr. Sandwell can satisfy any Inquirer of the Validity of what is here said, tho' he has not had such large Knowledge, by reason of the short Time he has sold 'em, as they from whom the Medicines are now, for good Reasons, removed.

No Letters received except Post paid.

LONDON: Printed for T. Cooper, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*.